Cocke Lorelle Bote A Satyre

She had a desyre ofte to be wedde
And also to lye in an other mannes bedde
Lytell rought she therfore
She is as softe as a lamme yf one do her meue
And lyke to ẏ deuyll wan a mā dothe her greue
So well is she sette
O good condycyon to her housbonde
Yf he call her calat she calleth hẏ knaue agayne
She shyll not dye in his dette
By saynt Jone sayd Cocke than
These be fayre vertues in a woman
Thou shalte be my launder
To wasshe and kepe clene all my gere
Our two beddes togyder shall be sette
Without ony lette
The nexte that came was a coryar
And a cobeler his brother
As ryche as a newe shorne shepe
They offred Cocke a blechynge pot
Other Jewelles they had not
Scant shoes to theyr fete
The coryer dresseth so well his lether
That it wolde drynke water in fayre weder
Therfore he hath many a crystes curse
And the cobeler for his cloutynge
The people blesseth hym with euyll cheuynge
To knytte fast in his purse
A shomaker came to these other two
Bytwene them two was moche a do
For a pyese of lether

Cocke Lorell. B.i.

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They togged with theyr teth & gnewe it there
And puide as it had ben grehondes at a hare
It was a shepes skyne of a wether
And than they tanned it whan they had done
To make lether to hym with mennes shone
And all for theyr auayle
For as sone as the hemme is tore
The sho is lost for euer more
And it is lytell meruayle
A tanner for cuyll tannynge of leder
They foure with forowe Cocke dyde set togyder
And neuer a good without fayle
Than came one w̄ two bolddogges at his tayle
And that was a bocher without fayle
All be gored in reed blode
In his hande he bare a flap for flyes
His hosen gresy vpon his thyes
That place for magottes was very good
On his necke he bare a cole tre logge
He had as mothe pyte as a dogge
And he were ones wrothe
He loked perysshe and also rowe
A man wolde take hym for a shrewe I trowe
And of his company be lothe
Than came a gonge fermourer
Other wyse called a maister scourer
With hym a canyell taker
Theyr presence made Cocke & his mē to spewe
For as swete was they brethe as hens̄ ordewe
To wasshe them they laked water

On these Irysche cople I wyll not tare
Cocke dyde set thē there as knaues sholde be
Amonge the flouenly sorte
Than came two false towlers in nexte
He set them by pykers of the best
For there sholde they abyde
But before ẏ they were plonged in the ryuer
To searche theyr bodyes fayre and clere
Therof they had good sporte
A myller duitypoll than dyde come
A Joly felowe with a golden thome
On his necke a sacke was
Many sayd that he with reprefe

Of all craftes was nexte a theke
In that Cocke founde no lacke
He sayd that the touled twys for forgetynge
And stele floure and put chauke therin
Be sherewe hym that taught hym that
Cocke bad hym grynde cherystones & pesen
To make his men brede for a season
By cause whete was very dere
Than came a pardoner with his boke
His quaterage of euery man he toke
But Cocke wolde theyr names here
The pardoner sayd I wyll rede my roll
And ye shall here the names poll by poll
There of ye nedyr not fere
Here is fyrst Cocke Lozell the knyght
And symkyn emery mayntenaũce agayne ryght
With flyngethryfte fleshemonger
Also fabyane flaterer
And fesly claterer
With adam auerus flayle fwenger
And fraũces flaperoche of stewys captayne late
With gylys vnyeste mayer of newgate
And lewes vnlusty the lesynge monger
Here also baude baudyn boller
And his brother copyn coler
With mathew marchaunte of shoters hyll
Cry stoker catchepoll a crystes course gaderer
And wat welbelyne of ludgate Jayler
With laurence lozell of clerken well
Here is gylys Jogeler of ayebery

And hym lougelder of lothe bery
With wallys the wrangler
Pers potter of brydge water
Saunder fely the mustarde maker
With Jelyan Jangeler
Here is Jenkyne berwarde of Barwycke
And tom tombler of watwyke
With Phyllyp fletcher of fernam
Here is wyll wyly the mylpeker
And patrycke peuyssche heerbeter
With lusty hary hange man
Also mathewe tothe drawer of London
And sybly sole mylke wyfe of Islyngton
With dauy drawelache of tokyngame
Cocke Lozell. B.iij.

Here is maryone marchauntes at all gate
Her husbōde dwelleth at ỳ sygne of ỳ cokeldes pate
Nexte house to Robyn renawaye
Also hycke crokenec the rope maker
And steuen mesyll mouthe muskyll taker
With Jacke basket seler of alwelay
Here is george of podynge lane carpenter
And patrycke peuysshe a conynge dyzte dauber
Worshypfull wardayn of slouens Jn
There is maryn peke small fremason
And pers peuterer that knocketh a basyn
With gogle eyed tomson shepster of lyn
Here is glyed wolby of gylforde squyere
Andrewe of habyngedon apell byer
With alys esy a gay tale teller
Also peter paten maker
With gregory loue good of rayston mayer
And hary halter seler at tyborn the ayer
Here is kate with the croked fote
That is colsys doughter the dronken koke
A lusty pye baker
Here is saunder sadeler of froge strete corner
With Jelyan Joly at sygne of the bokeler
And mores moule taker
Also annys angry with the croked buttocke
That dwelled at ỳ sygne of ỳ dogges hede in ỳ pot
By her crafte a brethe maker
Cocke sayd pardoner now ho and sease
Thou makeste me wery holde thy pease
A thynge tell thou me

What profyte is to take thy pardon
Shewe vs what mede is to come
To be in this fraternyte
Syr this pardon is newe founde
By syde London brydge in a holy grounde
Late called the stewes banke
Ye knowe well all that there was
Some relygyous women in that place
To whome men offred many a franke
And bycause they were so kynde and lyberall
A merueylous auenture there is be fall
Yf ye lyst to here how
There came suche a wynde fro wynchester
That blewe these women ouer the ryuer
In wherye as I wyll you tell
Some at saynt Kateryns stroke a grounde
And many in holborne were founde
Some at saynt Gyles I trowe
Also in aue maria aly and at westmenster
And some in shordyche drewe theder
With grete lamentacyon
And by cause they haue lost that fayre place
They wyll bylde at colman hedge in space
A nother noble mansyon
Fayrer and euer the halfe strete was
For euery house newe paued is with gras
Shall be full of fayre floures
The walles shall be of hauthorne I wote well
And hanged w̄ whyte motly ẏ swete doth smell
Grene shall be the coloures

And as for this olde place these wenches holy
They wyll not haue it called the stewys for sothe
But maketh it strabery banke
And there is yet a chapell saue
Of whiche ye all the pardon haue
The saynt is of symme trollanke
I wyll reherse here in generall
The indulgences that ye haue shall
Is these that folowyth with more
At the oure of deth whan ye haue nede
Ye shall be assoyled of euery good dede
That you haue done before
And ye shall be parte taker of as many good dedde
As is done euery nyght a bedde
And also ferthermore
At euery tauerne in the yere
A solempne dyryge is songe there
With a grete drynkynge
At all ale houses trewely
Ye shall be prayed for hertely
With a Joyefull weppynge
And the pope darlaye hath graũted in his bull
That euery brother may do what he wyll
Whyle that they be wakynge
And the pardone gyueth you that hath the pose
On your owne sleue to wype your nose
Without rebuke takynge
Also pope nycoll graunteth you all in this terte
The coughe and the colyke the gout and the stytche
With the holsome tothe ache

Also it is graunted by our bulles of lede
That whan ony brother is dede
To the chyrche dogges shall cary hym
A ryche pal to ly on ȳ corse late fro rome is cóme
Made of an olde payre of blewe medly popley
For ȳ worshyppe of all ȳ bretherne. (holone

Theyr knylles shall be rōge in ȳ myddes of tēse
And theyr masse songe at shoters hyll amonge
With grete deuocyon in dede (the elmes
And many thynges elles shall be done
The resydewe I wyll reherse soone
For drynke fyrst must I nede
Than Cocke cast a syde his hede
And sawe the stretes all ouer sprede
That to his bote wolde come
Of all craftes there were one or other
I wyll shewe how many or I passe ferther
And reken them one by one
The fyrst was golde smythes & grote clyppers
Multyplyers and clothe thyckers
Called fullers euerychone
There is taylers/tauerners and/drapers
Potycaryes/ale brewers/and bakers
Mercers/fletchers/and sporyers
Boke prynters/peynters/bowers
Myllers/carters/and botyll makers
Waxechaundelers/clothers/and grocers
Wolle men vynteners/and flesshemongers
Salters/Jowelers/and habardashers
Drouers/cokes/and pulters
Yermongers/pybakers/and waferers
Fruyters/chese mongers/and mynstrelles
Talowe chaundelers/hostelers/and glouers
Owchers/skynners/and cutlers
Blade smythes/fosters/and sadelers
Coryers/cordwayners/and cobelers

Gyrdelers/forborers/and webbers
Quylte makers/shermen/and armorers
Borlers/tapstry workemakers/and dyers
Brouderers/strayners and carpyte makers
Sponers/torners/and hatters
Lyne webbers/setters with lyne drapers
Roke makers/coper smythes/and lorymers
Brydelbytters/blacke smythes/and ferrars
Bokell smythes/horse leches/and golde beters
Fyners/plommers/and penters
Bed makers/fedbed makers/& wyre drawers
Founders/laten workers/and broche makers
Pauyers/bell makers/and brasyers
Pynners/nedelers/and glasyers
Bokeler makers/dyers/and lether sellers
Whyte tanners/galyors/and shethers
Masones/male makers/and merbelers
Tylers/brycke leyers/harde hewers
Parys plasterers/daubers/and lyme borners
Carpenters/coupers/and Joyners
Pype makers/wode mōgers/& orgyn makers
Coferers/carde makers/and caruers
Shyppe wryghtes/whele wryghtes/& sowers
Harpe makers/leches/and vpholsters
Porters/fesycyens/and corsers
Parchemente makers/skynners/and plowers
Barbers/bokebynders/and lymners
Repers/faners/and horners
Pouche makers/belowfarmes/& cage sellers
Lanterners/stryngers/grynders

+ makers of Harness
not of harness in general,
but of bridles, bits, & reins. S.

Arowe heders/malte men and coꝛne mongers
Balancers/tynne caſters/and ſkryueners
Stacyoners/veſtyment ſwoers/and ymagers
Sylke women/purſers/and garnyſſhers
Table makers/ſylke dyers/and ſhepſters
Golde ſheres/keuerchef launds/& rebē makers
Tankarde berers/bouge men/& ſpere planers
Spynſters/carders and cappe knytters
Sargeauntes/katche pollys and ſommers
Carryers/carters/and hoꝛſkepers
Courte holders/baylies/and honters
Conſtables/hede boꝛowes/and katers
Butlers/ſterchers/and muſterde makers
Harde waremen/mole ſekers/and ratte takers
Bewardes/bꝛycke boꝛners/and canelrakers
Potters/bꝛomeſellers/pedelers
Shepherdes/cowe herdes/and ſwyne keperſ
Bꝛoche makers/glas blowers cādelſtycke caſters
Hedgers/dykers/and mowers
Gonners maryners/and ſhyp mayſters
Chymney ſwepers/and coſterde mongers
Lode men/and bere bꝛewers
Fyſſhers of the ſee/and muſkeltakers
Schouyll chepers/gardeners/& take fetters
Players/purſe cutters money baterers
Golde waſſhers/tomblers Jogelers
pardoners kynges bēche gatherers & lether dyers
There were theues hoꝛes & baudes w̄ moꝛtheꝛers
Crakers/facers and chylderne quellers
Spyes/lyers and grete ſclaunderers

Cursers chyders & grete vengeaunce cryers
Dyssymulynge beggers hede brekers borders
Nette makers and harlote takers
Swerers and outragyons laughers
Surmowsers yll thynkers and make brasers
With lollers lordaynes and fagot berers
Luskes slouens and kechen knaues
Barge men whery rowers and dysers
Tyburne collopes and peny pryckers
Bowlers mas shoters and quayters
Flaterers and two face berers
Sluttes drabbes and counseyll whyssellers
With smoggy colyers & stȳkȳge gōge fermers
Of euery crafte some there was
Shorte or longe more or lasse
All these rehersed here before
In Cockes bote eche man had an ore
All tho that offyces had
Some woūde at ȳ capstayne as Cocke thē bad
Some stode at ȳ slȳge some dyde trusse & thrȳge
Some pulde at the beryll some sprede ȳ mayne
Some howysed the mayne sayle (myssyll
Some veryed showte a very slayle
Some roped ȳ hoke some ȳ pōpe & some ȳ laūce
Some ȳ lōge bote dyde laūce some mēde ȳ corse
Mayne corse toke in a refe byforce
And they that were abyll drewe at the cabyll
Some the anker layde some at the plōpe a sayll
One kept ȳ ꝯpas & watched ȳ our glasse (swepe
Some ȳ lodysshestōe dyd seke some ȳ bote dyd

Some made knottes of lynkes endes
Some the stay rope suerly byndes
Some a satte borte a stare borde
Some the standerdes out dyde brynge
Some one the shrowedes dyde clyme
Some couched a hogges heed vnder a hatche
Some threwe out bayte fysshe to catche
Some pulled vp the bonauenture
Some to howes the tope sayle dyde entre
Some stered at the helme behynde
Some whysteled after the wynde
There was non that there was
But he had an offyce more or lasse
Than Cocke Lorell dyde his whystell blowe
That all his men sholde hym knowe
With that they cryed and made a shoute
That the water shoke all aboute
Than men myght here the ores classhe
And on the water gaue many a dasshe
They sprede theyr sayles as voyde of sorowe
Forthe they rowed saynt George to borowe
For Joye theyr trūpettes dyde they blowe
And some songe heue and howe rombelowe
They sayled fro garlyke hede to knaues in
And a pele of gonnes gan they rynge
Of colman hedge a syght they had
That made his company very glad
For there they thought all to play
Bytwene tyborne and chelsay
With this man was a lusty company

For all ralkyllers fro them they dyde trye
They banyſſhed prayer peas and ſadnes
And toke with them myrthe ſporte & gladnes
They wolde not haue vertu ne yet deuocyon

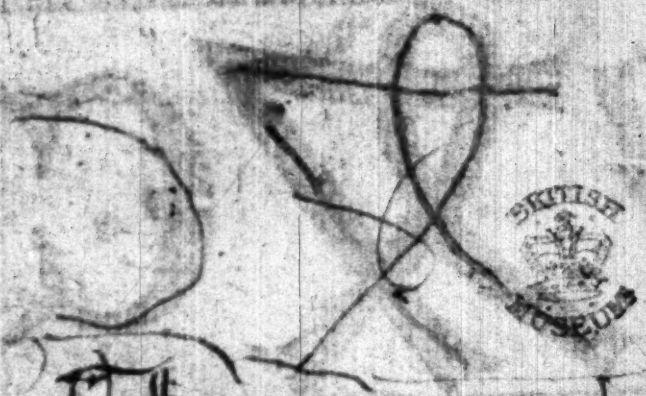
But ryotte and reuell with Joly rebellyon
They songe and daunsed full merely
With swerynge and starynge heuen hye
Some sayd ẏ they were gẽtyl mẽ of grete myght
That ther purses were so lyght
And some wente in fured gownes & gaye shone
That had no mo faces than had the mone
Of this daye gladde was many a brothell
That myght haue an ore with Cocke Lorell
Thus they daunsed with all theyr myght
Tyll that phebus had lost his lyght
But than came lucyna with all her pale hewe
To take her sporte amonge the cloudes blewe
And marcury he trewe downe his goldẽ bemes
And sperus her syluer stremes
That in the worlde gaue so grete lyght
As all the erth had be paued with whyte
Thã Cocke wayed anker and housed his sayle
And forthe he rowed without fayle
They sayled Englande thorowe and thorowe
Vyllage towne cyte and borowe
They blessyd theyr shyppe whan they had done
And dranke aboute saynt Julyans torne
Than euery man pulled at his ore
With that I coude se them no more
But as they rowed vp the hyll
The bote swayne blewe his whystell full shryll
And I wente homwarde to mowe shame stere
With a company dyde I mete
As ermytes monkes and freres

Chanons chartoꝛes and Inholders
And many whyte nonnes with whyte vayles
That was full wanton of theyꝛ tayles
To mete with Cocke they aſked how to do
And I tolde them he was a go
Than were they ſad euerychone
And went agayne to theyꝛ home

But my counseyll I gaue them there
To mete with Cocke another yere
No more of Cocke now I wryte
But mery it is whan knaues done mete
Cocke hath in his hande a grete route
The thyrde persone of Englande
Thus of Cocke Lorell I make an ende
And to heuen god your soules sende
That redeth this boke ouer all
Thryst couer you with his mantell perpetuall.

AMEN.

Here endeth Cocke Lorelles bote. Imprynted at London in the Flete strete at the sygne of the sonne by Wynkyn de Worde.



Jotin bott otise thus bete gode make
hum a goode man amen amen

In the nam of gode amen In the yere
of oure lorde M

[illegible]

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~~I god gretiff in degre In whome be gyvyng~~
~~you may be many godes and persons thre~~

Quene of heuen well mote thou be
for goddes sone of the is borne
for to make us all see
ab omni labe criminum

Virgo Rosa Virginum

When he of hyre body borne was
In a cribbe of hay and grose
Sythen he ode dyede vpon a crosse
Surrexit die tercia

Virgo Rosa Virginum

W
C
de
wynkyn
worde